

For what's more miserable then Discontent?  
 Ah Vnckle *Humphrey*, in thy face I see  
 The Map of Honor, Truth, and Loyaltie;  
 And yet, good *Humphrey*, is the houre to come,  
 That ere I prou'd thee false, or fear'd thy faith.  
 What lowering Starre now enioies thy estate?  
 That these great Lords, and *Margaret* our Queene,  
 Doe seeke subuerfion of thy harmelesse Life.  
 Thou neuer didst them wrong, nor no man wrong;  
 And as the Butcher takes away the Calfe,  
 And binds the Wretch, and beats it when it strays,  
 Bearing it to the bloody Slaughter-houfe;  
 Euen so remorselesse haue they borne him hence:  
 And as the Damme runnes lowing vp and downe,  
 Looking the way her harmelesse young one went,  
 And can doe naught but wayle her Darlings losse;  
 Euen so my selfe bewayles good *Glosters* case  
 With sad vnhelpfull teares, and with dimm'd eyes;  
 Looke after him, and cannot doe him good:  
 So mightie are his vowed Enemies.  
 His fortunes I will weepe, and 'twixt each groane,  
 Say, who's a Traytor? *Gloster* he is none.  
*Queene*. Free Lords:  
 Cold Snow melts with the Sunnes hot Beames:  
*Henry*, my Lord, is cold in great Affaires,  
 Too full of foolish pittie: and *Glosters* shew  
 Beguiles him, as the mournfull Crocodile  
 With sorrow snares relenting passengers;  
 Or as the Snake, roll'd in a flowring Banke,  
 With shining checker'd slough doth sting a Child,  
 That for the beautie thinks it excellent.  
 Beleue me Lords, were none more wise then I,  
 And yet herein I iudge mine owne Wit good;  
 This *Gloster* should be quickly rid the World,  
 To rid vs from the feare we haue of him.  
*Card*. That he should dye, is worthie pollicie,  
 But yet we want a Colour for his death:  
 'Tis meet he be condemn'd by course of Law.  
*Suff*. But in my minde, that were no pollicie:  
 The King will labour still to saue his Life,  
 The Commons haply rise, to saue his Life;  
 And yet we haue but triuiall argument,  
 More then mistrust, that shewes him worthy death.  
*Yorke*. So that by this, you would not haue him dye.  
*Suff*. Ah *Yorke*, no man aliue, so faine as I.  
*Yorke*. 'Tis *Yorke* that hath more reason for his death.  
 But my Lord *Cardinall*, and you my Lord of *Suffolke*,  
 Say as you thinke, and speake it from your Soules:  
 Wer't not all one, an emptie Eagle were set,  
 To guard the Chicken from a hungry Kite,  
 As place *Duke Humphrey* for the Kings Protector?  
*Queene*. So the poore Chicken should be sure of death.  
*Suff*. Madame 'tis true, and wer't not madnesse then,  
 To make the Fox huruey of the Fold:  
 Who being accus'd a craftie Murtherer,  
 His guilt should be but idly posted ouer,  
 Because his purpose is not executed:  
 No: let him dye, in that he is a Fox,  
 By nature prou'd an Enemy to the Flock,  
 Before his Chaps be stayn'd with Crimson blood,  
 As *Humphrey* prou'd by Reasons to my Liege.  
 And doe not stand on Quillets how to slay him:  
 Be it by Gynnes, by Snares, by Sublerie,  
 Sleeping, or Waking, 'tis no matter how,  
 So he be dead; for that is good deceit,  
 Which mates him first, that first intends deceit.

*Queene*. Thrice Noble *Suffolke*, 'tis resolutely spoke.  
*Suff*. Not resolute, except so much were done,  
 For things are often spoke, and seldome meant;  
 But that my heart accordeth with my tongue,  
 Seeing the deed is meritorious,  
 And to preferre my Soueraigne from his Foe,  
 Say but the word, and I will be his Priest.  
*Card*. But I would haue him dead, my Lord of *Suffolke*,  
 Ere you can take due Orders for a Priest:  
 Say you consent, and censure well the deed,  
 And Ile prouide his Executioner,  
 I tender to the safetie of my Liege.  
*Suff*. Here is my Hand, the deed is worthy doing.  
*Queene*. And so say I.  
*Yorke*. And I: and now we three haue spoke it,  
 It skills not greatly who impugnes our doome.

Enter a Post.

*Post*. Great Lords, from Ireland am I come againe,  
 To signifie, that Rebels there are vp,  
 And put the Englishmen vnto the Sword,  
 Send Succours (Lords) and stop the Rage betime,  
 Before the Wound doe grow vncurable;  
 For being Greene, there is great hope of helpe.  
*Card*. A Breach that craues a quick expedient stoppe,  
 What counsaile giue you in this weightie cause?  
*Yorke*. That *Somerfet* be sent as Regent thither:  
 'Tis meet that luckie Ruler be employ'd,  
 Witnesse the fortune he hath had in France.  
*Som*. If *Yorke*, with all his farre-set pollicie,  
 Had bene the Regent there, in stead of me,  
 He neuer would haue stay'd in France so long.  
*Yorke*. No, not to lose it all, as thou hast done,  
 I rather would haue lost my Life betimes,  
 Then bring a burthen of dis-honour home,  
 By staying there so long, till all were lost.  
 Shew me one skarre, character'd on thy Skinne,  
 Mens flesh prefer'd to whole, doe seldome winne.  
*Qu*. Nay then, this sparke will proue a raging fire,  
 If Wind and fuell be brought, to feed it with:  
 No more, good *Yorke*, sweet *Somerfet* be still.  
 Thy fortune, *Yorke*, hadst thou bene Regent there,  
 Might happily haue prou'd farre worse then his.  
*Yorke*. What, worse then naught? nay, then a shame  
 take all.  
*Somerfet*. And in the number, thee, that wishest  
 shame.  
*Card*. My Lord of *Yorke*, trie what your fortune is:  
 Th'viciuill Kernes of Ireland are in Armes,  
 And temper Clay with blood of Englishmen.  
 To Ireland will you leade a Band of men,  
 Collected choicely, from each Countie some,  
 And trie your hap against the Irishmen?  
*Yorke*. I will, my Lord, so please his Maiestie.  
*Suff*. Why, our Authoritie is his consent;  
 And what we doe establish, he confirms:  
 Then, Noble *Yorke*, take thou this Taske in hand.  
*Yorke*. I am content: Prouide me Souldiers, Lords,  
 Whiles I take order for mine owne affaires.  
*Suff*. A charge, Lord *Yorke*, that I will see perform'd.  
 But now returne we to the false *Duke Humphrey*.  
*Card*. No more of him: for I will see perform'd,  
 That henceforth he shall trouble vs no more:  
 And so breake off, the day is almost spent,  
 Lord *Suffolke*, you and I must talke of that euent.

*Yorke*. My

*Yorke*. My Lord of *Suffolke*, within foureteene dayes  
 At *Bristow* I expect my Souldiers,  
 For there Ile shippe them all for Ireland.  
*Suff*. Ile see it truly done, my Lord of *Yorke*. *Exeunt*.  
*Maner Yorke*.

*Yorke*. Now *Yorke*, or neuer, Steele thy fearfull thoughts,  
 And change misdoubt to resolution;  
 Be that thou hop'st to be, or what thou art;  
 Resigne to death, it is not worth th'enioying:  
 Let pale-fact feare keepe with the meane-borne man,  
 And finde no harbor in a Royall heart.  
 Faster the Spring-time showres, comes thought on thought,  
 And not a thought, but thinks on Dignitie.  
 My Brayne, more busie then the laboring Spider,  
 Weaves tedious Snaires to trap mine Enemies.  
 Well Nobles, well: 'tis politickely done,  
 To send me packing with an Hoast of men:  
 I feare me, you but warme the starued Snake,  
 Who cherisht in your breasts, will sting your hearts.  
 'Twas men I lackt, and you will giue them me;  
 I take it kindly: yet be well assur'd,  
 You put sharpe Weapons in a mad-mans hands.  
 Whiles I in Ireland nourish a mightie Band,  
 I will stirre vp in England some black Storme,  
 Shall blowe ten thousand Soules to Heauen, or Hell:  
 And this fell Tempest shall not cease to rage,  
 Vntill the Golden Circuit on my Head,  
 Like to the glorious Sunnes transparant Beames,  
 Doe calme the furie of this mad-bred Flawe.  
 And for a minister of my intent,  
 I haue seduc'd a head-strong Kentishman,  
*John Cade* of *Athford*,  
 To make Commotion, as full well he can,  
 Under the Title of *John Mortimer*.  
 In Ireland haue I seene this Stubborne *Cade*  
 Oppose himselfe against a Troupe of Kernes,  
 And fought so long, till that his thighes with Darts  
 Were almost like a sharpe-quill'd Porpentine:  
 And in the end being rescued, I haue seene  
 Him capre vpright, like a wilde Morisco,  
 Shaking the bloody Darts, as he his Bells.  
 Full often, like a flag-hayr'd craftie Kerne,  
 Hath he conuersed with the Enemy,  
 And vndiscou'd, come to me againe,  
 And giuen me notice of their Villanies.  
 This Deuill here shall be my substitute;  
 For that *John Mortimer*, which now is dead,  
 In face, in gate, in speech he doth resemble.  
 By this, I shall perceiue the Commons minde,  
 How they affect the House and Clayme of *Yorke*.  
 Say he be taken, rackt, and tortured;  
 I know, no paine they can inflict vpon him,  
 Will make him say, I mou'd him to those Armes.  
 Say that he thrise, as 'tis great like he will,  
 Why then from Ireland come I with my strength,  
 And reape the Haruest which that Rascall sow'd.  
 For *Humphrey*; being dead, as he shall be,  
 And *Henry* put apart: the next for me. *Exit*.

Enter two or three running over the Stage, from the  
 Murder of *Duke Humphrey*.  
 1. Runne to my Lord of *Suffolke*: let him know  
 We haue dispatcht the Duke, as he commanded;  
 2. Oh, that it were to doe: what haue we done?  
 Didst euer heare a man so penitent? *Enter Suffolke*.  
 1. Here comes my Lord.

*Suff*. Now Sirs, haue y  
 1. I, my good Lord, he  
*Suff*. Why that's well  
 I will reward you for this  
 The King and all the Peer  
 Haue you layd faire the Be  
 According as I gaue direc  
 1. 'Tis, my good Lord.  
*Suff*. Away, be gone.

*Somd Trumpets*. *Enter*  
*Cardinall*, *Suff*  
*Card*.  
*King*. Goe call our Vnck  
 Say, we intend to try his G  
 If he be guiltie, as 'tis publi  
*Suff*. Ile call him prefer  
*King*. Lords take your  
 Proceed no straiter gainst  
 Then from true euidence, o  
 He be approu'd in practise  
*Queene*. God forbid any  
 That faultlesse may conden  
 Pray God he may acquit h  
*King*. I thanke thee Ne  
 much.

*Enter*  
 How now? why look'st thou  
 Where is our Vnckle? what  
*Suff*. Dead in his Bed,  
*Queene*. Marry God for  
*Card*. Gods secret Iudge  
 The Duke was dumbe, and  
*Qu*. How fares my Lo  
 dead.  
*Som*. Rere vp his Body,  
*Qu*. Runne, goe, helpe, h  
*Suff*. He doth reuiue ag  
*King*. Oh Heauenly God  
*Qu*. How fares my grac  
*Suff*. Comfort my Sou  
 fort.

*King*. What, doth my L  
 Came he right now to ling  
 Whose dismall tune bereft  
 And thinks he, that the chi  
 By crying comfort from a  
 Can chase away the first-ec  
 Hide not thy poyson with f  
 Lay not thy hands on me:  
 Their touch affrights me as  
 Thou balefull Messenger, o  
 Vpon thy eye-balls, murder  
 Sits in grim Maiestie, to frig  
 Looke not vpon me, for thi  
 Yet doe not goe away: co  
 And kill the innocent gazer  
 For in the shade of death, I  
 In life, but double death, no  
*Queene*. Why do you ra  
 Although the Duke was en  
 Yet he most Christian-like  
 And for my selfe, Foe as he  
 Might liquid teares, or hear  
 Or blood-confuming sight